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A
NEW-YEARS GIFT
TO
DISSENTERS,
FROM A
TRUE FRIEND
TO THE
Protestants.

2 Jan. 1688 $\frac{7}{8}$.

Great God bleſs *James* the Second, *Englands* King,
Whose kindneſs t'wards His Subjects makes them ſing
Praises to the Moſt High; and then they Pray,
God ſave King *James*, and lengthen out His Day;
That He a prosperous Reign may here enjoy,
Take off the *Teſt*, and *Penal Laws* deſtroy,
And all thoſe hurtful things, that do annoy
His faithful loving Subjects; that ſo all
May ſtand on equal Ground; may ſtand or fall
To their own Maſter, in Religious things,
Conſcience ſet free, to ſerve the *King* of *Kings*.
This is the way well pleaſing in God's ſight,
Herein the *King* preſerves his Subjects Right;
And none ſo Weak, none ſo Blind, that won't ſee
This is the only way for *Amitie*.
This is the way to make the *Nation* thrive;
This is the way *Dull Trading* to revive:
This is the way for *Bleſſings* to deſcend,
To Heal our *Breaches* and *Diviſions* end.
This is the way to Satiſſie all thoſe
Have ſo much ſence, themſelves not to oppoſe;
But if that any are ſo Senceleſs grown,
Why ſuch ſhould rule the *Roaſt*, would fain be known:
'Tis moſt unjuſt of thoſe, who e're they be
Would *Freedom* have themſelves, yet *Liberty*
To others won't allow; ſuch Men, I ſay,
What e're they do pretend, are out o'th' way;
For none are in the Way, that's Right and True,
But who do, as they would be done unto.
Many there are have *Fears* and *Jealouſies*,
Whoſe Ears are fill'd with *Stories*, *Tales*, and *Lies*;

That do diſlike the taking off the *Teſt*,
Yet *Penal Laws* deſtroy, they think it beſt;
And yet when time did ſerve, they thought not ſo,
Thinking by force, to bring all to their Bow:
And now they fear, leſt others ſhould prevail,
To deal with them (as they dealt) by Whole-Sale;
Yet *Loyal Perſons* would accounted be,
When almoſt Drowned in *Diſloyaltie*.
In their diſliking what the *King* intends,
The Royal Law of Love, to make all Friends:
A *MAGNA CHARTA* for our Common-weal,
That after Ages, mayn't have cauſe t' repeal.
This is a work, pray God Almighty bleſs:
The God of Heaven proſper with Succels:
And all the *Peers* and *Commons*, that agree
To carry on this Work of *Libertie*.
Break all oppreſſive Yoaks and heavy Ties,
And Bonds that on the Tender Conſcience lies;
Aſſuredly I know, and do foretel,
The God of Mercies will accept it well;
He is a God of Univerſal Love,
Showring down Bleſſings alwaies from above.
To whom for all His Favours, let us Sing
High Praises, and give thanks unto the *King*;
And let us live in Love, in Peace, and Reſt,
Anchor'd i'th' Haven of His Princely Breſt.
Why ſhould we Fear, Miſtruſt, or Jealous be?
Hath, not the *King* Declar'd for *Libertie*?
Open'd the Priſon Doors, and ſet us free?
He is a Prince, His Word for to Maintain,
Then Great Things, ſhall be Acted in His Reign.